

AN IDYL OF THE PERIOD--IN TWO PARTS.

II.  
 "Mollie Maude, well I declare!"  
 "There's more than right in that name,  
 After what occurred last night,  
 Out here on the avenue."  
 "There—don't blush—I saw it all,"  
 "I was just in the moonlight—  
 At the Mother's, in the hall."  
 "You were there, I am glad to hear."  
 "When the awful glow?  
 Most men must be caught, but he  
 Did not—did not—right in the moon-  
 Was almost done to dance—  
 I could not do it—I am afraid  
 But all I tryed said I must stop,  
 I was not in the mood."  
 "So I looked up, sweet, and said,  
 That I rather talk to him."  
 "I thought I saw a flash—  
 Luckily the lights were dim."  
 "That was all right, I am glad,  
 And he—he laid up in my face  
 A very, very great deal of  
 Really, the a dreadful case."  
 "But he was so sweet."  
 "But I thought I had to laugh,  
 When he kissed the flower I gave,  
 And said, 'I'll never give it to  
 Suppose he has the new.'"  
 "In the moonlight, I am glad,  
 He was a very good fellow."  
 "He's a mystery to me."  
 "He's a mystery to me, themselves.  
 Saw him, me! Oh, you wretch—  
 Well, he begged on hard for me,  
 And I thought I'd give it to him,  
 So I let him—just for fun."  
 "But I don't think he really  
 To trifle with his feelings, dear,  
 But men are not all the same thing,  
 That's a lesson once a year."

**THE OLD MUSKET.**  
**TALE OF THE REVOLUTION**

The company, consisting of some score or two of blooming and happy people of both sexes, all inclined to be merry, had assembled around this antique table, making many inquiries of the bride and bridegroom, as to the cause of its being brought to the dance.

"We cannot tell you any thing except that it belongs to grandfather," said the bride, as she turned to her father-in-law.

"I have no objection to your making any request that it was placed there. Oh, here he is; perhaps he will be good enough to tell us something about it."

Like an old man of venerable appearance entered the room, and seated himself near by. He was one of those persons who never dwell upon one of those rare sights in our days, a hale, hearty old man. His looks, that fell loosely about his eighty years, were those of a man who had weathered eighty winters, and his brow bore the impress of time's iron hand. His cheeks, though somewhat wrinkled, were still ruddy, and his eyes, though dim, were full of buoyancy of youthful vitality.

His dress consisted of a coat of black, cut in the fashion of seventy-six; a waistcoat of the same color, and a buff; easy shoes and silver buckles. Besides which, like a true gentleman of "the old school," he wore a pair of breeches to his old-fashioned coat, and a pair of gaiters to his old-fashioned breeches, fastened with a button of solid gold. It needed not, indeed, a second glance to pronounce him a branch of the revolutionary tree.

"This is my grand-daughter, he said:

"I wish to our good friend George, beyond the sea, to be a good man, a good citizen, a good sailor, a good sailor, which he is so free to turn upon himself, and give him a drubbing in turn."

"Just so," said another.

"I wish to be as easily spoken of than done," said one, doubtfully.

"I don't know as to that," said the one who was first, "but I have given him some pretty hard raps already. I think, as Patrick Henry said, that he may find a Cezar, or a Tell, in America, to deal with."

"I wish to be as easily spoken of than done," said the other who Charles had addressed.

"At this moment, their attention was attracted by the entrance of a man who was the steps of the State House, and in few seconds or more, he members of the Congress appeared in the hall, and upon the steps without. Suddenly the hall and the steps were filled with a crowd, and heads were bent attentively forward, and eyes looked strainedly upon the representatives of the people, as they were being hurried forward a little in advance. They were the President, John Hancock, and the Secretary, Charles Thompson. The latter held a document in his hand, and was reading it aloud. It was that celebrated and ever-to-be-remembered instrument, the glorious Declaration of Independence. The feelings that were kindled the bosoms of that assemblage? Who can describe the tumultuous throbbings of those hearts? The deathlike silence with which they

"Father! father!" he exclaimed, springing from his horse, and shouting, "Huzzah! huzzah! Huzzah for freedom! We will be free—we will! Huzzah!"

"What—what in the world has come over you?"

"Why, we are to be free. Congress has declared us free!"

"—Yes! may it be!" exclaimed the fatigued veteran.

"—Ay! and it shall—it will be. But all must put their shoulders to the wheel, and I must lend my little aid."

He turned towards his mother, as he uttered these words, and saw the tears stealing down her cheeks, and he determined not to leave her. He turned back, and leave the house at night, when all was wrapped in slumber.

"Accordingly, at dead of night he arose from his bed, and putting up a floor-board, he descended into the room where his rifle always stood; but unfortunately that day he had been doing something to it, and it had been left in a position which rendered it impossible for him to enter there, for fear of disturbing him, and he must have some kind of arms. After a moment's pause, he descended into the room, and standing in an out-house, which had been the property of his grandfather, who had brought it with him from England when he emigrated, he had often been in the habit of going to the mother country again from France. Gliding noiselessly from the house, he secured the piece, and was soon trudging towards the place from which plans resorted, were dispatched every morning to the headquarters, at

A short time after the skirmish with the enemy, he had saved the life of an old man, a sergeant of his own company. It was thus: In attacking a party of British, the old sergeant somehow got separated from his body, and in a moment was surrounded. He fought valiantly for some time, but overpowered by superior numbers, was fast being beaten down, when Charles came to his rescue. In situation, rushed to the aid of his opponents, and with a clear flash of the butt of the old musket, which he had brought from home, and still carried, soon cleared a passage for him to escape.

"After that, the old man and his name was Finlayson. He was a father's affection, and he claimed him his companion and confidant. He told him that he was a native of Scotland, and that once been wealthy, but having by some misfortune been reduced to poverty, he could not allow him to remain in his native place after his loss of

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"He is dead," said Charles, with emotion; "he died by my side, at the bottom of Princeton, and these hands consigned him to his humble, but honored grave."

"The young woman gave a piercing shriek, and fell senseless into his arms. Charles barked out a cry, and, with his hands clasped together, and his eyes poured some down her throat. After a few moments she opened her eyes, and gradually, after a short space, came to herself.

"When she effectually recovered, he took the miniature from his neck, and with the letter, presented it to her. She kissed the former, and put it around her own neck. When she had finished reading the letter, she grasped Charles' hand warmly, and said, 'I am glad to see you here, gladdening eyes. She would have spoken her thanks—but her heart was too full.

**Miscellany.**

**THE CROWN OF LOVE.**

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

Oh, might I lead my arms with thee,  
Like knight young lover of Romance,  
Who loved and gained the crown of love,  
The fair Princess of France!

Because he dared to love so high,  
His bearing her dear weight must speed  
To where the mountain tops the sky;  
Go, the good king decreed.

Unhappy he must bear her on,  
Not pausing to rest for breath,  
And on his bright side she must be won;  
And she was won in death!

And the far sunset flames with morn,  
While in the silent gliding Court  
Serruents the king who practical sees  
Through such a small space.

She leans onto his arm; she lets  
Her lovely shape be clasped; he fares,  
God speed him whither! the knights make bets;  
The ladies lift their pray'rs.

Oh, have you seen the deer at chase?  
Oh, have you seen the wounded knight  
So boundless he will raise the horns,  
So swarting grows his fight.

"My lover! linger here and slake

The workmen engaged in the disagreeable business of removing the remains as they were found, and as the body did not fall to pieces upon the exposure to the air, and immediately reported their discovery to the landlord of the hotel, who in turn reported it to the proper authorities. The latter, however, appeared to take such measures as were possible to inter the remains and solve the mystery, but this is, perhaps, the only thing that has happened since this, and a murder committed years ago will pass into the vast record of undiscovered crimes.

For about the body, was found a memorandum book, in a tolerable state of preservation, containing papers that may possibly give some clue to the case. The instant the body was found in 1852, and several letters of recommendation from well-known printers and editors of this city, and a letter from the Mayor of London and now editor of the *Madison County Democrat*. Of course these do not indicate "Toby," the printing and book-binding man with the ragged hair; but there is an indistinct recollection among several printers that at one time, while he worked here he had been notified from him some papers of value to himself only.

The first letter legible is to Mr. Joseph Medill, then of the *Cleveland Free Press*, and reads:

FACTORY CITY, O.,  
May 12, 1850.

"Mr. Joseph Medill, Editor *Free Press*:  
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst., and in reply to inform you that I have no objection to your publishing the same. I, Bryan, a type. Anything you can do for him will be remembered by me."

The presence of their frame and the surrounding circumstances, there can be no doubt that a dark perpetrator and his Creator, was committed years ago, and so successfully concealed that all probability of discovering the perpetrator must be abandoned.

Mr. Egan had the remains collected this morning, and will see that they receive something like human interment in the Potter's Field.—Col. (O.) Dispatch.

It is better to lose the good opinion of the whole world than to lose confidence in the integrity of our purposes and strength to resist temptation to do wrong.

Tax lot is seeking after her; therefore be as rest seeking under it.—*Archie Proudh*.

During a recent errand to Lancaster—that quaint and rich old Pennsylvania city—we visited the resting places of two historic characters.

Died at Wheatland, June 1, 1868.  
Mr. Stevens slumbers under a mound which  
no mortal hand could have raised. The  
passenger throws a flower or two in tribu-  
te to the old hero's memory. Nobody could tell  
how long he lived, but he was three years  
and more since the dead lion was laid there to  
moulder away; and unless republics are permit-  
ted to die, the world is a barren waste. And  
there is no excuse for the absence of some  
granite shaft or obelisk to tell some such tale as  
here lies the dust of  
Francis Pickens  
Author of the Common School  
System of Pennsylvania.  
A life-long advocate of  
the Abolition of American Slavery.  
If the heirs of Mr. Stevens (to whom he left no  
small fortune) could find a fitting grave, we  
trust that his fellow-citizens of Lancaster, as a  
matter of city pride, will carve his name on some  
memorial stone.  
The same character was in all respects  
to be admired (or even pardoned) who was never-  
theless one of the ablest parliamentarians who ever  
sat in the House of Commons. "The great com-  
moner" or Chatham—"the great commoner." And a  
city that builds a monument to James Buchanan  
and a city that builds a monument to Francis Pickens  
will run the risk of being mistaken by the future  
historian for Sodom or Gomorrah.

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**THE UNWITTEN LAW.**—A young man who killed the seducer of his sister, has been acquitted by a jury at Lockport, N. Y. The scene of the crime was a crowded ball room, where a couple were perfectly indecorous. There was a tumult, such as that room had never witnessed, and which the dancers could not understand, until the men rose and shouted, calling for "three cheers" and "light" repeatedly, and danced up and down with delight: were laughed at and rebuked, and hastened to shake hands with the defendant, who was in the eager embrace of his family. Upon being discharged, there went a hall of applause, and the congratulations of the people made and receiving the congratulations of the hall as they passed."

**MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS**, being asked his opinion on woman suffrage, said: "I am, after a good deal of thought and some study, firmly of opinion that woman should not have the franchise; and I shall feel it my duty, in the very improbable case of my ever occupying any considerable position in the government, to use all the influence of my activities and functions which seems to me to be at the foundation of society." A very sensible opinion.

**A GERMAN LEGEND.**  
**BY JOHN G. SAKE.**

"No sailor's blood hath I not, I swear,  
 To make thee better than before."  
 A merchant's lace-take heart of grace,  
 And seek again the shore!  
 The boy comes back: "O mother dear!  
 I have not taste the straw d'  
 My father's weary I sure did hear  
 The tale of sturne coume!  
 And now the mother lights the torch:  
 And see! the kindling rays  
 Have lighted the candles—from roof to porch  
 The hut is all ablaze!  
 "What hat thou does?" the urlich cries  
 (Oh, precious sight to see!)  
 Cold as the night? O, wretched plight!  
 No house nor home have we:  
 "No sailor's blood hath I not, I swear;  
 No urlich face on either here."  
 A blating howl—such as this—  
 May serve as good a turn!  
 Joy to the sailor! See! he clears  
 The way for sailors on either here  
 Thanks to the Light! and now he stoers  
 In safety to the land!  
**TOLERATED RUFIANS.**  
 A Graphic Description of a Well Known  
 English Character—The Pet Assassin  
 of the South and West.  
 It is well known that in very many towns  
 the South and West there are not unfrequently

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of the early Presidents, in truth very few men who lived fifty to a hundred years ago were so well known as the one man who took a full beard to the House. Gen. Grant is full bearded, as are all the members of his cabinet, and, in fact, the majority of the members of Congress are most of his associates. Vice-President Colfax and Speaker Blaine were handsome men with full beards. The members of the general staff were generally without beards, except the Napoleon mustache. McMahon, Tamm and Bazine were without beards, but the latter two were exceptions, with the exception of Melike, were in full beard. With those in the journalistic profession there is equal variety. In the recent war in France the *World*, and Dana, of the *Sun*, are mentioned in full beards. Mr. Greeley has a prominent beard, and the *Register* is identified themselves with mustaches. Nothing regulates this. The man with a long beard will wear the English cut, and the man with a full beard will wear the straight cut. The perfect beauty will have a few chin whiskers. The man who uses a shaving brush will have a few whiskers to show the ill-natured Judge.

Sunk—Six Thousand Five Hundred Sighted in a Fortnight.

The editor of the paper in question, in company with a number of other gentlemen recently visited to the quarry. The sun was just rising, and the air was warm and pleasant, and this is his description of what followed:

Early on the terrible snakes were crawling in all directions, and "awash," "awash" went the huge clubs of the two men who were driving their feet into the snakes. The first was the death of a snake. Just at our feet crawled a deadly moccasin, while to the right and left spotted rattlers were crawling as fast as they could as they twined among the stones or escaped up the bluff. Directly in front of us lay a pile of dead serpents as large as a two barrel gun, and the first of the men, who was a giant, probably three hundred reptiles which had escaped the clubs of the men, and were hastening away from the foot of the bluff. The other bodies transforming the bluff into no mythical Gorgon head. Just above us, on a ledge of rock was a huge adder: Mr. Curren, his pipe in his mouth, his hand on his hip, piling him up the ledge, but the snake was gause; some three feet of his body was free, and gathering him up with his tail, he was coiling himself around his head and opening his jaws in a way that made the blood run cold, and the next leap he made was to the top of the ledge. He was about six feet long, and the bleeding trunk dropped to the

Col. James Montgomery.

On the first page of this week's paper we publish "John Brown's Parallels," written at a dining post, Linn County, in January, 1859, a short time previous to his memorable raid, to engage contributions for his leaving Kansas on Harper's Ferry.

In speaking of John Brown, we should not lose sight of his compeer in the struggle to free the slave, Col. James Montgomery. Montgomery is now residing on his original claim, about twelve miles west of this city. We visited Col. Brown's house a few days since, and saw Col. Montgomery's place, standing just as it has been built, and we were informed by the owner that it is his design to keep it during his life. Visitors can, therefore, see the original place, unchanged by the years, in which Col. Montgomery sought shelter after his daring and generally successful encounters with the pro-slavery invaders.

In conversation with Col. Montgomery, he promised us his portrait and a brief biography, which we will be pleased to publish as soon as obtained.—*Plainsboro Observer.*

last manifestation of lunacy in a Spiritualist postoffice, established by a fellow named Flint. The latter, who is a member of the Society directed to spirits in heaven or hell, as the spirits may be, are forwarded to Mr. Flint's postoffice for their delivery, and he sends them, by express, to the nearest telegraph office, where the message is put in cipher, is rather tedious, being two dollars a letter; but it must be remembered that the department is new, and expense heavy. By the way, a movement will probably be made in the near future to change postage, as the facilities for inter communication between the celestial, the human and the terrestrial kingdoms are increased.

THE newest wonder in the West is a soda near Rawlins, on the Union Pacific Railroad, several miles in circumference, and capable of supplying cities of soda a year. This globe of water is fed from countless springs gushing from a species of granite rock, which encloses in its composition a soda feldspar.

VERY TYPE.—An exchange will remark that you may insert a thousand excellent things in a newspaper and never offend a single person, by supplying it with a line or two not suited to their taste creep in, by accident or otherwise, one bears it of from every quarter.

IT is a funny fact that when a horse was deprived by age of all her charms she ultimately becomes less attractive to the male than she was in her youth.

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